

No 8040.62



GIVEN BY

W. H. H. Newman.

40

42

ALICE GRAY
A Ballad as Sung by
MISS PATON,
Composed by
MRS P. MILLARD.

BOSTON, Published by C. BRADLEE 164 Washington Street.

ALLEGRETTO.

She's all my fancy painted her, She's lovely she's di-

vine, But her heart it is a--nother's, She never can be mine, Yet

lov'd I as man never lov'd a love without de--cay Oh! my heart, my heart is

The small notes to be played to the fourth verse.

2

ad lib: a tempo.

breaking, for the love of ALICE GRAY: Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking, for the

ten: *p*

love of ALICE GRAY.

2.

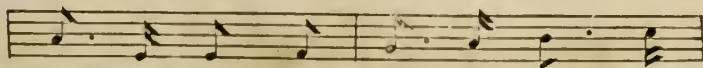
Her dark brown hair is braided, o'er a brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishes, now flashes with delight;
The hair is braided not for me, the eye is turn'd away,
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking, for the love of ALICE GRAY.
Yet my heart &c.

3.

For her I'd climb the mountainside, for her I'd stem the flood;
For her I'd dare the battle strife, tho' I seal'd it with my blood;
By night I'd watch her slumbers, would tend her steps by day,
But she scorns the heart that's breaking for the love of ALICE GRAY.
But she scorns &c.

4.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun, and trembled in the blast,
But my pilgrimage is nearly done, the weary conflict's past;



And when the green sod wraps my grave, may pity haply say,
Oh! his heart, his heart is broken for the love of ALICE GRAY.
Oh! his heart &c.

B. P. L. Bindery,
29 1204

